Chapter 2
The mutation

As I got older my world was shaped mainly by my own version of reality fused with ninja turtles, batman and Nintendo. At some point I wanted a dog not because I liked dogs in any way but because if I was going to start an army of mutants I'd need animals at first , I'm sure they said no TJ turtles. We also had a rabbit but I don't think I thought that one thru . Finding radioactive waste was beyond my comprehension for sure at this point in life between kindergarten and 3rd grade is where I'm trying to aim for in almost linear story's. I spent a lot of time with my great grandma I remember Days where I helped and was friendly other days where I was completely out of my mind and probably to much of a handful. But I did try to help when I remembered where I was.

School.

This was a horrible place. Sitting in 1 place and someone dares tell me what to do without the direct threat of physical violence? Your funny , I'd fight her anyways Ms. Braidy? Maybe she was nice but she still stood in the way of plans of new world order and my ability to escape where I was , I was in Everett Washington , in a class room on earth. I don't really remember other kids other then they seem to believe things that where simply ridiculous or untrue. I guess the one thing I remember most was eating a caterpillar to prove it wasn't poison or could bite you. I remember someone calling the bathroom or toilet a rest room and I wanted to visit this place where I could get a rest from class. It didn't exist, the thought to skip class never occurred tell much later in life.but I was told I'd learn to read and wright? Yeah right good luck that's fighting words. I need exercise and my fists as well as a interdental portal or mutinogenic ooze and id escape all of this language and forced interactions. I don't think I took the bus yet, busses are yellow mostly. My great grandma took me to the YMCA after school alot to tire me out, it was a multi story building, old dark gray brick and is still there today as far as I know. Only 1 time did we go to a different floor and that's all it took to see fencing. Swords in real life, I always had asked to make a sword , but I don't know when that exactly started. But other then seeing that swords are real and not fake tv imagination items I was always thinking about practicing, but instead swam , my great grandma had me change in the lady's locker room but it never occured to me that there was a mens locker room tell years later. I could swim and swim , grandma would read the paper and chat with others, lap after lap but I never felt like I was good at it or fast. I could move and think of new things , mostly that there was a training facility upstairs for others who mostly likely found a way out of here to there true detention, home a place to live not just wait and go to school. Even though I saw swords and guns before I always wanted to be a mad scientist or a literal rock monster of some kind that could exist here with purpose somewhere in the mountains or maybe a beach . Tan colored with red orange accent lines. But so far I haven't gotten that tough. But having strong ninja turtles legs was a reality, all that swimming made me stronger , as far as my upper body I would always just lift things I didn't think I could tell I could and I felt that was good enough. But running

fast and jumping high where essential actions as far as I needed, become sonic in speed and mutant and fight like a turtle, make things like batman. That's really all I thought about is eat and drink things you shouldn't because I might transform and run. I am actually faster than most kids. At some point I went to first grade but I was put on Ritalin a drug that put me in this dimension but at the same time I was not in my mind , in my skin , I was there but not. How was I going to train harder or ascend if I couldn't concentrate on anything, did I even go to school? Did I live with Grandma? It's a blank for sure. I remember the class room was 1 room over and that's it, was my teacher male ? Female? Did I have homework? Did I still swim ? No idea.
2nd grade!
I must have changed pills because I remember things I was more focused on learned not because I cared about school but because my teacher talked about entomology the study of insects, that was the answer to the problem of earth just sucking so bad. I needed giant army's of killer hybrid insects to fight for the rest of my life that was hopefully short. I focused on that I thought I'd need to learn, not including English. But math was a part of that . I made at least 2 friends as far as I could remember. 1 a fat make the other female, I only remember 1 instance of her in a red shirt but no idea what else she looked like. They both went to a birthday party at my house in Everett I remember that much , I remember liking cake and I had the radio on at some point before , my dad's a musician and had a studio in the dark basement. I somehow thought I could use a tape recorder from a stereo to recreate a song I had heard using only my mouth and rerecording over each tape and layering the audio, today I can do this , then I wasn't quite smart enough. For what ever reason this was alined with my birthday I remember that. I also got a kit that had slime and edible bugs and my mom left me alone with it and I messed up the mixtures and never got to eat the bugs. Someone put the idea in my head that fat people are bad and I should hang out with them , so my fat friend wasn't always my friend, but at the same time this completely disrupted my school study's I was choosing to do. There was an assistant teacher who was fat and now how was I going to ever listen to someone so weak and intelligent, if fitness is something we are tough in school she must have cheated and was not a higher being that could teach , she was an imposter who was trying to trick us. So my grades stopped, why would I even to school work with someone able to weasel there way into the system like that. Teachers are “smart” and yet she's literally fat. My teachers here are a joke , I had to change schools soon after, going from place to place. I was done with it, by 3rd grade it was escape at any point, just swim and id transform into a high being and ascend to a new place. Run , fight . I had to get out of this bad joke. And I I soon did.
My grandpa was still alive , he had a hat and liked boats, I liked boats because If I found a sea monster maybe I could take it and control the ocean and live under water away from school and humans. My grandpa wanted nothing to do with content talk of monsters and death to humans. I was told he threatened to throw me over board for trying to rock the boat over in hopes of summoning a merman to

save me. I didn't not get any more time on a boat for years, but I like boats even now. My cousin is a girl and that's about all I think I cared to notice for years. My aunt had a bird I was told could bite my nose or fingers off, but wanted it to try , it actually can and I'm surprised it never did. There were also 2 other kids , rain and Dena, I was told at some point they are also cousins , they are not. They are my dad's musician friends kids, I don't remember to much other than that. I remember selling my Nintendo in hopes I'd have enough money to get a super Nintendo because I saw Megaman, MegaMan is also on nes but I had never seen it, I had only ever witnessed Megaman x, my imagination ran wild with what it should have been not what it actually is. But the pawn shop smelled like tools and grease. My dad had a house next to his business with Kid in it and while I was stuck with him at the record store or computer shop I remember he had a T-Rex and I had Godzilla. I always like Godzilla, the movies there where Boring , but in my mind it was so much more. But Godzilla didn't seem realistic to world altering events like armies of giant killer insects or I mutated. As well as looking for a way to make a portal, when I was in time out I tried to jump out the window a couple times in hope that the other side wasn't my neighbors side wall , I'd run straight into that wall and fall to the ground. For whatever reason I was scared of the attic but not the dark basement. So I never had the idea that maybe I needed to jump from the attic window to change reality . I had a millennium falcon toy and I often would image if I used a form of magnetic power to change the field around the object it would be replaced with a fictional version that would be just big enough to piloted by ants, I told my mom this story that ants are going to pilot a starship and I remember she claimed I was losing to her because I was talking about things in another dimension beyond ares , this maybe the moment I stopped trusting my mom as she didn't see a world that was worth being in. Just earth as it is, where dad often would engage in talks of scifi like things, he did buy the starship toy after all, he also likes Star track I don't. It's too much like earth even if it's in space. I feels also like your still in a cubical while Borg's try to fix your mundane existence. But my dad said I was like spok , I didn't care for emotional responses, I was often called the lorenator after the Terminator. And because of my want to play with bugs and animals and found peace in trees and the water more then with other kids I was the man cub from jungle book. I do remember the Hispanic or latino kids next book, they also had a lot of old news papers stacked up in there basement. But that's about all I remember about that. I never ran to far from home even though I'm sure I could have. My bike oneday had its training wheels removed and I was told I had to wear a helmet, fat chande, I just never road it again for years. I was stung by a bee in the ear and thinking yeah it hurts but it's not that bad. I got Chicken poxs and watched at 12 hour VHS of cartoons while layed in bed. I had giant Legos that I always asked for more so I could make a door way out of this world into LEGO land. Never got those Legos, they where from a thrift store so they really had no idea where I got more. I often slept in my sleeping bag the wrong way with my head at the bottom in hopes it be a cocoon for my transformation, teleportation or aliens could rescue me easily as well as keep monsters out. I had a race car bed made by

my uncle? Maybe ? It was wooden and I did like transformers but not cars. I like robots and Androids a lot but I never thought of my self as smart enough to program and created finely contracted machines, I couldn't even draw the ideas in my head. I still can't program. My sister was around for all of this but that's a blur for sure. My dad had a computer and I learned things about building it and what a program is , but I was more focused on games and the idea of information on a floppy disc, later discets, zip drives, CD-ROMs, ECT . I remember pulling apart a tape to try and bring it to life, of course it didn't work and I didn't have 2 copies of any other movie, what ever it was. I remember I visited the fat kids house , it was dirty , cluttered and he had a giant TV you could slit screen for video games, he was allowed to play any game he wanted and I got to see games that where only disappointing to what I had imagined, not tell ps1 and N64 did I finally feel 1 with the game in 3 dimensional graphics, yet still lacking creativity and my minds need for the right kind of action and escape. I don't think of violence as others do , I don't see killing as violent behavior, more intent as violence, I know others disagree. I don't have that genetic American male gun fixation, guns are really cool highly refined weapons but other then some are art, they are interesting. Now robots with guns sure lasers are multi use tools that also destroy. You could argue a bayonet would be the same but it's just a knife, sword or spear with a ring on it. I'd rather just have the weapon and skip the gun. But my family was always worried about me and guns. I don't remember 4th of July tell much later in life or Christmas, I remember learning about Hanukkah from Rugrats. I don't remember any live action films yet, not tell middle school , again a lot of this time is a blur and I was on other drugs other than Ritalin, can't tell you what? But I do remember taking them , how they got me to is Beyond me. There was a banana hidden in the freezer, it was there for what I thought was years and 1 day I thought to eat it and got sick. I found “balloons” in the ally way and got in a lot of trouble playing with them . They where condoms. My teacher sawy interest in bugs and my mom got me praying mantis eggs , that was my new friends for sure , green spider killing super bugs. They where in class with me and we had them at home as well. Years later I remember returning to that house to see 1 in the garden still, as well as my dad having me talk to my old teacher who has a very large adult female in a tank in his class room still.

My grandpa gave my mom and dad a check 1 time , I didn't comprehend money but I thought of it as taking from the man who can speak to fish and threw it out the window on the high way. I was definitely grounded. My grandma got mugs with small animals in the base so as you drank from them you'd see them in the bottom. I didn't break that cup. There was a deck at her house I would hide under tell I found giant spiders and no mantis to save me. One day my great grandma had her car stolen? From the gas station next door to us and soon after we moved.

I remember music as a very hated thing, I like instruments but it's just ruined by English. I remember going to get my hair cut with my great grandma and always hearing sweet dreams and

Land of confusion, I remember my dad singing the rooster. I had to of watched the Terminator , ace Ventura, fern gully and toy story by now because it shaped my life in the next chapter. Because I was on drugs given to me by a doctor I had to of been in child therapy by now this is a theme that didn't end. But I don't remember it tell later in life . One time I was on the bus to school and I was forced to sit with girls and I was not happy about this girls smell funny and I definitely gave the bus driver a hard time and my great grandma told me all the time this story